

Chat of the Boudoir.

A woman who has figured largely in the affairs of her sex was asked recently to give a few words of advice which might be of use to women in all walks of life, whatever their particular calling was. "One practical hint that has been suggested to me by long experience," she wrote, "will help any woman to develop her faculties. My advice is, be yourself, or be original." These words may or may not contain as much wisdom as they seem. They sound rather impressive and they had enough effect on one woman to bring out fierce denunciation.

"Be original," she said, "is advice that will make nine women out of ten intolerable prigs. They are bad enough when they are original by nature. They then go through life patronizing mentally, if not actually, every other woman with whom they come in contact. They are so much above the common herd of us that they could never be expected to associate with the rest of their sex on an equality. In their eyes, we're all dreadfully humdrum and conventional. We think about our homes, our children, dress and other contemptible subjects, which they only touch in a distant and original way. They are too different from the rest of womankind to think of these matters as we do. Their great, broad minds need a wider range of observation and they have a sort of mild pity for us."

"That has usually been my experience with the original woman or the one that tried to be original. I don't know a single particular in which any woman could be improved by the advice to be original. We all know what a woman is like if she attempts to be original in dress. Then she is likely to look like a fright. Originality in manners usually makes her alternate between rudeness and gush, because those extremes seem to her an exhibition of perfect frankness and truthfulness of character. When she happens to get outside of the usual sphere of a woman and comes at all into public view we again know just what a nuisance she is likely to be."

"It is only with her own sex, as a rule, that any woman ever tries to be original. She knows perfectly well that that sort of thing never appeals to men. They like a conventional just-like-other-girls sort of woman and can always provide subjectively variety and originality. However common-place a girl may be, the man who has taken a fancy to her will discover points in which she is utterly different from the rest of her sex. That all comes from the man himself. It satisfies him, too. He'd rather discover marked characteristics in the girl he loves than have them really in her and apparent to the rest of the world. So the woman who is original with her own sex is perfectly satisfied to be merely ordinary and as attractive as possible to men."

"The other alternative in this general advice to women seems to me almost as dangerous, although it is likely to make a womanless of an amiable fraud. Women who have made up their minds to be themselves are by no means a novelty, and I haven't the least doubt that many of them attain a high ethical and spiritual plane by aiming at the best development of their own characters and never pretending to be what they are not. But most of those I have known usually impress every person who meets them with the idea that nobody in the world would ever want to be like them. Aside from the self-satisfied moral attitude that they acquire after a short while, there are the awkward results of this uncompromising adherence to truth and their own natures. They are of course prevented from showing kindness and sympathy, except in the cases where they really feel it and none of them are permitted to say pleasant and agreeable things that are not founded on truth. On the other hand, remarks that are likely to make a disagreeable impression are not to be suppressed for that reason. It would not be true to one's character to hesitate to say all the unpleasant things one believed. It would be very much like being somebody else instead of one's self. Altogether, I don't think that advice to be original or be oneself would make a woman especially popular if she followed it, however great the development might be. Most of the women I have known who prided themselves on being original must have enjoyed an opportunity sometimes to be merely themselves in the quiet of their own rooms and take a rest from the strain of trying to be original. And I'll wager that the women who were working so hard all the time to be themselves would have enjoyed an occasional chance to be more like the rest of their sex."

Queen Victoria has for the past three

years shown more interest in music than for years before. The private operatic performances given at Windsor by the Convent Garden artists, have been one evidence of the Queen's enjoyment of music and the principal musicians of the London season have also appeared at the castle. Formerly the Queen went to the opera herself, but now that is out of the question and she must take her enjoyment from the curtailed performances given at Windsor. Now somebody has discovered that she is an excellent judge of singing and was at one time able to sing with the skill that came from the training of a splendid teacher.

In her youth Queen Victoria is said to have had a mezzo-soprano voice of beautiful quality. She studied music with La blache, the famous basso, and he gave her lessons for eighteen years. So protracted a musical education is very rare, and would of course, be possible only to a queen or a woman of wealth. It showed how great was her taste for music. In addition to her skill as a vocalist, the Queen is described as a solid musician. She had a high opinion of her teacher, and their intercourse was rather that of friends than of monarch and subject. They frequently sang together and Queen Victoria enjoyed nothing else so much at these times as Zerlina's part in the duet "La ci darem" from "Don Giovanni," which was her favorite number. She learned many difficult and elaborate operatic airs, as well as religious music and simple songs.

The Queen used to be a good pianist and is said to have delighted her admirers particularly by the facility with which she read at sight and the correctness of her ear. These musical gifts were inherited only by Princess Beatrice and the late Duke of Coburg, although most of the royal family are fond of music. The Queen had been so well taught by Signor Lablache that her voice retained its power and freshness long after the time at which women are supposed to cease singing.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

All the bows for the hair have been infected by the gold microbe and a bit of gold gauze ribbon is twisted into the black velvet and the white satin bows that are so practical for ordinary dinner and home wear.

The fall outing hats are not visions of beauty. Hyper-swell hatters have made desperate efforts to escape from the dominion of sombrero and alpine shapes, and the results are not all that could be desired. Perhaps the swellest and most chic of the new models is of shaggy white camel's hair in modified sombrero shape, and with a stitched under brim of black camel's hair. One exclusive firm is making up these hats with a folded band of black panne velvet and black pompon; but the general verdict among hatters is that trimming has been overdone, and that an absolutely plain band is the correct thing for the autumn outing hat.

Hoods which are much like fitted yokes turned up around the edges and lined with a contrasting color are being used on many of the coats and tailor gowns. Occasionally the turned over flap is buttoned to the lining with gold buttons.

The new fluorescent silk is a changeable silk under a new name; but it has a new beauty as well, and obtains color effects never before achieved in changeable materials.

Bronze shoes are creeping back into favor and many fancy shoes and slippers show bronze in combination with pastel colors. A craze for fancy and bizarre foot wear is predicted, but is hardly probable, in spite of the season's many vagaries.

Brown is popular once more and a host of women will look more hopelessly plain than a beneficent Providence intended. There seems to be an ideal that any one can wear brown. In reality, it is a color to be treated with marked respect and a woman needs deep discretion in choosing the exact shade of brown that will be becoming to her. Yellow brown will steal all the life from some hair and eyes. Gray brown will ruin some complexions. Red brown will make a sallowness more sallow. And yet the right brown on the right girl is a thing to compare with. Touches of burnt orange and black appear on many of the brown gowns. Dull blue and certain shades of green also combine well with many browns; yet a brown costume does not lend itself to indiscriminate combination, and unless one is prepared to achieve a complete symphony in browns, one would better choose a more adaptable color for a general service costume.

The flare at the skirt bottoms is distinct.

ly modified and the full gowns hang rather limply around the feet.

Next to the white cloth gowns in favor stand gowns of light blue and of mushroom pink cloth, and the indications are that this is to be preeminently a season of pale tinted cloths for reception wear.

Pale gray stockings embroidered in silver are in demand to match the dainty cloth of silver slippers that have just appeared.

BOER MAID HELPED THE BRITISH

A Tale of Two Letters and a Burgher Plot to Seize Johannesburg.

Writing from Springs, South Africa, on Aug. 1 a correspondent in the first Canadian contingent gives the following romantic history of the failure of a Boer plot to recapture Johannesburg which had a prospect of being successful until the love of a Boer maiden for a Briton overcame her patriotism and saved the British garrison.

A couple of weeks ago the Boers within and without Johannesburg arranged for a rising there by making all our officers prisoners, and then by attacking the soldiers, who, it was expected, would be demoralized and surrender. Meetings were held by the Boer leaders at the Grand National hotel and all arrangements were made once more to place Johannesburg in the hands of the burghers. On Saturday afternoon, July 14, a gymkhana had been arranged for by the officers, to be held on the racetrack, under the patronage of the Military Governor and the Major-General commanding, for charitable purposes. It was expected that almost all the officers of the garrison would be there.

The Boers purposed attending the meeting armed with revolvers, and having a large number of confederates, armed likewise with Mausers, hiding in buildings in the immediate vicinity of the racetrack, ready to act upon the given signal. It was planned that when the officers had been made prisoners other Boers in the city would concentrate at a point fixed upon and attack the British soldiers. While this was going on a large number of Boers from the outside would rush into the town and assist their countrymen. It was anticipated that the soldiers would be utterly demoralized by the absence of their officers, and with no one to direct them would easily be overcome and made prisoners. The whole plan was carefully and secretly concocted, so that the military authorities were in entire ignorance of the plot on the morning of the day for putting it into execution. The total miscarriage of the Boers' bold attempt was brought about by a woman in a very simple and yet interesting tale of love.

It appears that a pretty Boer maiden in Johannesburg had two lovers, one an Englishman and the other a burgher. They were both very pressing for the hand of this young girl. On the morning of the gymkhana day the Boer lover visited her and urged an immediate marriage that very morning, and for the reason of such urgency, he unfolded the Boer plot to seize Johannesburg. As he was to take part in the stirring event of the day, he was afraid that possibly he would be killed or wounded, and consequently wished to make the young woman his wife. The girl asked for two hours to consider the proposal, at the expiration of which time he was to return to her for his answer.

As soon as the Boer lover was well out of sight the girl rushed to the Military Governor and gave him all the information she had just received. It can readily be understood how such a tale would startle that officer, and he at once took action. On the young woman's return home she was accompanied by some of the military police, who followed a short distance behind, and when the Boer lover returned for his answer he was at once arrested and taken before the Military Governor. On the prisoner incriminating papers and letters were found which bore out all that the young woman had told and a great deal more. A list of the leaders was discovered among the papers secured, and other important information.

The governor acted promptly, cancelled the gymkhana, and had all the Boers whose names appeared on the lists arrested and at once sent to Cape Town. A general search for arms was ordered, and hundreds of Mausers were found hidden under mattresses and in other places. There is little doubt but for the information given the Military Governor by the Boer maiden the Boers would have been successful in retaking Johannesburg. The action of this young girl was most commendable, and it will no doubt be amply compensated by the Imperial Government. It is only a fair presumption that the young maid's tastes were for her English lover, who will, no doubt, now run a winning race for the possession of her hand, as his competitor is out of it effectually.

EXAMINATION OF THE STOMACH.

Methods Used by Physicians in Digestive Disorders.

Next to the prevention of disease, which is in great part the province of the hygienist in distinction from the practicing physician, the aim of medical science is to cure disease and relieve suffering.

It is sometimes said, by way of reproach, that physicians nowadays are more interested in the study of the nature of disease than in its cure; that they regard their patients as subjects for analysis, rather than as sufferers to be relieved.

This is true, perhaps, in isolated instances, but only in such. Physicians are intensely interested in ferreting out the nature and cause of disease, but this is because successful study of that kind gives the only solid foundation upon which to work. The diagnosis of disease must precede its rational treatment, and progress in this science is an evidence of the advance of medicine in general.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this advance more evident than in the study of digestive disorders. Formerly the only means a physician had of determining the condition of the stomach was an inspection of the tongue and a questioning of the patient as to his appetite and his feelings after taking food. At the present day, although the information obtained in this way is not ignored, the physician does not rely upon it wholly in obscure cases.

He feels with his hand to detect any inequalities there may be in the walls of the organ; he taps upon it to determine whether the walls are thickened or dilated; he listens to the sounds produced within it by the movements of the contained solids, liquids and gases; he introduces into the patient's stomach a tiny electric bulb attached to the end of a long tube through which the wires run, and by the illumination so produced gains valuable information as to the size of the organ, its position, and the presence or absence of tumors in its wall.

It is also possible to determine accurately the digestive power of the stomach by giving the patient a measured quantity of food, and then removing through a tube what remains at the end of a given time, and seeing how far it has been digested.

The contents of the stomach are also examined chemically, to find out if the different ingredients of the gastric juice are present in normal proportion.

As a result of all these methods, a doctor can now get information regarding digestive ailments that will enable him to help many cases which a generation ago would have baffled all the skill of the most acute physician.

A Misunderstanding

Mr. G. W. Steeves, in his book, "In India," says that the first sight of that country is so noticeable that you notice nothing. The common crows are blue, the oxen have humps; it is a new life in a new world. In describing the native life, he gives this story of their indifference to punishment:

A simple riot, the other day, had said good-bye to his relatives, and was pinioned, when suddenly he asked to speak again to his brother.

"Recollect," he said, "it's twenty kawsurs of barley that man owes me. Not dawa sure"—which was smaller. Then he turned and was hanged without moving a muscle.

Another man, a Pathan, was being hanged when the rope broke. The warder bade him go up on to the scaffold again, but he objected.

"No," he said, "I was sentenced to be hanged, and hanged I've been!"

"Not so, friend," argued the warder. "You were sentenced to be hanged until you were dead, and you're not dead!"

It was a new view to the Pathan, and he turned to the superintendent: "Is that right, sahib?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Very well. I didn't understand." And he went composedly up the steps and was hanged again.

His One Loss.

Some of the skaters on the London Serpentine hire their skates from men whose business it is to let them out at a certain sum per hour.

Thackeray once asked one of these men whether he had ever lost a pair through the omission to exact a deposit, and he replied that he had never done so except on one occasion, when the circumstances made it almost pardonable.

A well-dressed young fellow was having the second skate fastened on, when he suddenly broke away from the man's hands and dashed on to the ice.

The next instant a thick-set powerful man was clamoring for another pair. "I shall nab him now," he cried, "for I am a dab at skating."

He was a sheriff's officer in pursuit of his prey, and a very animating sight it was to watch the chase. The officer was as he had boasted, a first rate skater, and it became

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presently obvious that he was running down his man. Then the young fellow determined to take a desperate risk for liberty.

The ice, as usual, under the bridge was marked 'dangerous,' and he made for it at headlong speed. The ice bent beneath his weight, but he got safely over. The sheriff's officer followed, with equal pluck, but being a heavier man broke through and was drowned.

"His skates," said the narrator of the incident, "I got back after the inquest, but those the young man had on I never saw again."

Not His Turn.

When Col. William L. Strong was mayor of New York City he received a call one day from a company of bright-eyed little boys from the vacation schools of the East Side. They were of foreign parentage, but were so intense in their patriotism that they won the mayor's heart. "What can I do for you gentlemen?" asked the mayor.

The chairman of the committee replied: "Mr. Mayor, we have great pleasure in informing you that we represent the school city of the Norfolk street school of the metropolis. We come within your jurisdiction and look up to you as our superior authority. We have conferred the freedom of our city upon you, and would consider it a high favor if you would pay us an official visit."

Colonel Strong thought a moment and then responded:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your invitation. If it meets with your approval I will be down in half an hour."

The committee, overwhelmed with the prompt acceptance, fell over one another in shaking hands with the executive, and then ran at full speed for the school. They worked very hard, and had the school city in full operation when Colonel Strong reached it in his carriage.

To their surprise their visitor knew as much about it, apparently, as they did. He called up the police force and also the mimic fire and street-cleaning departments. He was pleased with everything he saw, and when the display was over he told the children how he felt. They applauded him to the echo.

"What would you do if you were real citizens?" he asked. "Would you elect me mayor?"

There was an awkward pause, and then the chairman said as bravely as he could: "I am afraid not, Mr. Mayor. It is Georgie Klatzkie's turn next. Next year we might, though."

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Mrs. Backwuds—Nice 't hev chickens trained so's y' kin ketch wun fer dinner ennytime.

Summer boarder—Yes—I was just wondering if this one we're eating wasn't a bit overtrained.

"You say it is no longer fashionable for girls to be tall."

"Gracious! What'll the people do who have decorated their houses with Gibson pictures?"

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